



have you ever seen the rain (or heard the clap of thunder) by everybreathemove

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Summary: If you ask him to describe what rain smells like, Mike won't be able to. But he can explain in detail how wet tree bark feels when you lean against it, and what a rain-soaked t-shirt feels like against his skin. He could go on for hours about the taste of November rain on his lips as thunder follows him home, a stranger's hands clutching at his shoulders for support. [Drabble.]

have you ever seen the rain (or heard the clap of thunder)

Word drabble: **baisemain** - a kiss on the hand. / **brontide** - the low rumbling of distant thunder.

Mike can't remember the last time a storm hit Hawkins, but he can recall the smell of wet grass in the rain and the sludge of dirt turning to mud beneath his shoes. He remembers what it feels like to be caught in a thunderstorm.

There had been that one time his mom had forced everyone down into the basement, fresh baked cookies on a tray and his board games swept from the table by the sofa. She'd been told that a hurricane was hitting Chicago and — in true Karen Wheeler fashion — had planned ahead. He was eight years old, and the storm hadn't lasted for much longer than a half hour.

Another time, he'd been playing with the guys in Lucas' backyard when the lightning started. The thunder had a low rumble to it, and the lone apple tree planted in the Sinclair's garden had started shaking as soon as the first gust of wind hit. They'd thrown their plastic swords down and headed inside before Lucas' mom could even tell them to. He'd been ten, and well-behaved.

Mike can't remember the last time a storm hit, but he knows which thunderstorm was his favorite. He can recall the exact clap of thunder that sealed the deal for him.

He'd been twelve going on thirteen, and he'd met the love of his life that night.

If you asked him to describe what rain smells like, he wouldn't be able to. But he can explain in vivid detail how wet tree bark feels when you lean against it, and what a rain-soaked t-shirt feels like against his skin. He could go on for hours about the taste of heavy November rain on his lips as thunder follows him home, a stranger's hands clutching at his shoulders for support.

He can't describe a sound, but *he remembers the feel*; the odd yet singularly satisfying sensation of handlebars shaking when thunder cracks somewhere off in the distance, a girl's small hands pressed flat against his shoulder-blades as she settles herself on the back of his bike. **He remembers.**

"Mike?"

He hums, absentmindedly running his thumb along her knuckles. They're white, fingers tightly wrapped around the spine of the book in her hand. It's one of Holly's old ones, a compilation of fairy tales. El has her bookmark set on the one about a girl and a raven. She says it's her favorite, and Mike's always been a romantic.

She pulls him from his reverie then, flipping his palm over so she can run her fingers up to his wrist, nails catching on the strap of his watch. It's just past seven in the evening, and the weather forecast said the rain was due ten minutes ago. The air has gone humid now, warmer than it was before, and Mike can already feel blades of cut grass beginning to stick to their legs.

"We have to go inside," El tells him, eyebrows furrowed as she shoots a look up at the sky. It's dark and clear, but the threat of belated storm clouds is enough for her. The corners of her lips turn down, and she tugs on Mike's hand to pull him up even though she's still sitting.

Mike catches her arm with his free hand, gently holding her by the forearm. "Wait with me," he smiles, softly, "just for a minute." His voice quivers as thunder roars some miles away, and El moves to kneel before him, resting between legs he keeps stretched out. The denim of her overalls presses into the damp grass, and she carefully rests the book down in her lap, a hand on its cover to make sure it doesn't slip.

El ducks her head, but she gazes up at him through her lashes, "Two minutes." Her free hand reaches out to touch his shoulder, cheeks flushing, and Mike is back in his daydream.

Thunder cracks again, and El closes her eyes at the sound, shoulders thrown back as though she's taking it in, absorbing the low rumble.

Her curls have fallen in her face — scrunchie wrapped around her wrist instead of in her hair. Mike smiles and he reaches up to brush a strand from out of her face.

His fingertips linger against her cheek, index pressed along the curve of bone. "El?"

"Yes?" She seems to gnaw at her bottom lip, upper teeth dragging the flesh over the bottom row. She raises her hand from his shoulder to cup his face the same way he's holding hers, palm flat against the freckled skin of his cheeks. She runs her middle finger down the bridge of his nose, her own crinkling when far away lightning splits the sky in two and illuminates his many faultless blemishes.

"I—" He could say it, but he doesn't want the storm to ruin the moment. "Nothing."

Mike leans into her touch until she lowers her hand to his jaw, wrist pressing against the corner of his mouth, inked skin smoothed over by the touch of his lips. She giggles when he kisses her again, lips parting against her tattoo this time, and there's a low rumble off in the distance. Lightning cracks and Mike grins.

He remembers.